from their hinges. But when the smoke rolled away one could see that the prison wall, although blackened by flame and smoke, remained intact. A cry of anguish and despair came from the courtyard.

The guards had disappeared. The left enclosure was empty; the inmates of Room 10 scattered and hid themselves. Inmates of Room 12 lay on the ground. In the middle of the courtyard stood a lonely old tree. A man crouched behind it, facing the entrance, and I recognized the broad shoulders and big head of Leonid.

A volley of shots came from the office building. The guards were firing through the prison windows at the men of Room 12 in the courtyard. Shots resounded inside the Castle, too, where the guards in the corridors fired through grilled doors into the cells. Then the entrance gate in the office building opened and guards armed with rifles rushed into the courtyard. Leonid fired twice in their direction. The guards withdrew behind the gate. Gunfire became more intensive. Leonid fell, then rose and leaned against the tree. The entrance gate opened. Leonid shot at the guards and they rushed back. Then he fell again, rose to one knee, still aiming at the gate, and rolled over.

Guards were running toward the prison building. Some of them stopped at the right enclosure. The headman of the political prisoners rose from the ground and shouted, "Nobody has attempted to escape here. The enclosure is closed. Count us."

The chief guard shrieked, "Shoot this Jew for me!"

The headman fell. The guards rushed into the prison. More shooting resounded under the vaults. I lay on my cot. The thunder of shots was mixed with shouts, curses, screams of fear and anguish. I do not know how long this lasted.

Shrill orders were heard from the courtyard. I rose from the cot and went to the window. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were entering through the gate. Two companies, with officers. They were posted in right formation on both sides of the gate. An officer barked, "Arms!" Then he turned to the prison, surrounded by smoke, and shouted at the top of his lungs to the guards, "At—ten—tion! Cease fire!"

Firing under the prison vaults stopped.

CARNAGE

That day twenty-seven prisoners were killed and forty-four wounded, some of them fatally. One guard was hurt by glass splinters. Two